

THIS DEADHEAD WAS CLEVER.

Worked Both Actor Herne and Manager Miner for Tickets.

Jane Stuart to Try Comic Opera—Other Stage News.

The ways of the would-be deadhead are labyrinthine, and the ingenuity displayed in the quest for free theatre seats might, turned in a right direction, lead to fortune. When he opened his mail yesterday, James A. Herne found a letter that touched him to the quick: It was from a poor little lame boy far off in a Jersey village. The lad had saved up 95 cents, with which he came to New York to see "Shore Acres." He spoke most eloquently and pathetically of the performance, and flattered Herne in a most cordial manner. By way of postscript he told Herne of his aged and crippled mother. Oh! he would love to bring her to New York to see the play, but alas! she could not walk up to the gallery. Her son would only give him 95 cents, and his mother would need more than that.

"Wait till you see my living pictures," said Little Miss Isabel Redick, the prima donna of the "Opera" company, has said so little about herself that many people suppose that she passed all her life in the English provinces. Not so. She studied at the Royal Academy with Landort, and with a well-known master in London. She sang in a number of concerts prior to her appearance on the stage. She is a tall, slender young woman. A strange thing is that the D'Oyley Carte sends an English girl to America to sing the part of Zara, in England he invites her to an American girl, Nancy McIntosh.

The two Uncle's are being hopelessly mixed up by the Western writers, and the two compositions will not prove distinctive. It will not please Mr. Frohman, the proprietor of the former. It is pleasing, however, the case with "Charlie's Uncle" only. It is not likely, however, that the breezy little farce that has run the Standard for so long will be irreparably injured.

"Wait till you see my living pictures," said Little Miss Jane Stuart, as she told the world the well-known manager blurted out: "I'm. I've received the most affecting letter—the mail ever brought me, and it's all about my dear old father. He had a silver ring in his pocket, and I sent him a pathe letter from his pocket, and spread it before Miner's astonished eyes. The two appear to be identical. Not quite so, however. The boy had a little lame boy in the far-off Jersey village had also tried Miner. Both of the gentlemen had responded generously. The latter declared that this was the first time he was ever caught—with softsofa as bait."

Commissioner Holahan says that his daughter, Little Miss Jane Stuart, has at last decided to try comic opera. She signed a contract Saturday with Messrs. Saxe & Wolf, of the Schiller Theatre, Monday, to play the comic roles in "The Mikado," "Beggar's Holiday," several other operas, to be produced at the Schiller, beginning May 14. "You remember the comic opera 'Evening World,'" said Commissioner Holahan, "about her burlesquing the waltz song from 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

Henry E. Abbott, the Australian welter-weight pugilist, who is to meet Jim Walcott to-morrow night under the auspices of the New York combats, has finished his training and will spend the night in this city. He will leave for Boston to-morrow morning, and the team which will take the field against Baltimore to-morrow is as follows: Height, 5 ft., age, 27; weight, 175 lbs. The average weight of the men competing is 178 lbs., of which there are 110 record, 100.

Mr. Chatterton, Henry E. Abbott's representative, who arrived from Europe Saturday, says that theatricals in London just now are very dull. Mr. Chatterton met living after his return to the English metropolis. "Mr. Chatterton saw 'Cinderella,' the extravaganza that is to be produced here next week. He says he has a good idea of it, and, delightedly artistic affair, and made a great success at the Lyceum in London.

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Joseph Eppig yesterday signed the annual contract with the New York Society of the Never-Nip Pants Makers' Union has ordered a strike at the shop of Davis & Childs, 35 Canal street.

Capmakers have been successful in their strikes at the shops of Schwartz Bros., Davis & Klaeser, and Kassel Cohen.

E. S. Willard goes back to England in June, and, although he has announced his intention of taking a long rest, he probably will practice in London. Barrymore, and the other comedians, the new secretary is to be appointed.

General Secretary Ernest Kurnitz, of the Journeymen Tailors' National Union, who has withdrawn from the pool in St. Louis, and that the unions in that city expect a speedy victory.

Vesta Tilley was fearfully nervous when she made her American debut yesterday night. Her nerves sat up during every song with her. The audience did not know it, but Mrs. Tilley said, and so could those who were there, that this was the way in which she was composed in case of mishap. Miss Tilley had a small part in "Fairyland," tributed she had been here a little longer she will marvel less at the enormity of this introduction. Last night was one of those who went behind the scenes to congratulate her, and he put her at her ease as gracefully and artistically as possible.

Chicago objects. Chicago often does. It's funny. This time Chicago arrowed to the face. New York managers persist in sending to it as "the road"—just as if it were Canada's or Steubenville. Chicago wants the best players, and the best managers. It is tired of second-rate stage-managers and the indifferent stage-managers of the touring companies.

A young English actor who has plenty of that "dash" which makes him attractive has little else—applied to J. T. Sheldon for a couple of tickets for "Shore Acres" at Daly's Theatre, the day after "Wives at Your Service" was asked, Mr. Waldron, "Oh" was the reply. "I haven't found a part to suit me on this side yet," he added pleasantly. "Charlie Frohman has been run-

ning after me some time." "Hold on!" cried Waldron, pointing to Detective Heideberg, who had just entered the theatre. "There's Charlie Frohman home again with a box." But the young actor-gentleman was gone. With a dash, and Detective Heideberg declared that this was the first time he had been mistaken for a metropolitan manager.

Little Miss Isabel Redick, the prima donna of the "Opera" company, has said so little about herself that many people suppose that she passed all her life in the English provinces. Not so. She studied at the Royal Academy with Landort, and with a well-known master in London. She sang in a number of concerts prior to her appearance on the stage. She is a tall, slender young woman. A strange thing is that the D'Oyley Carte sends an English girl to America to sing the part of Zara, in England he invites her to an American girl, Nancy McIntosh.

The two Uncle's are being hopelessly mixed up by the Western writers, and the two compositions will not prove distinctive. It will not please Mr. Frohman, the proprietor of the former. It is pleasing, however, the case with "Charlie's Uncle" only. It is not likely, however,

that the breezy little farce that has run the Standard for so long will be irreparably injured.

The ways of the would-be deadhead are labyrinthine, and the ingenuity displayed in the quest for free theatre seats might, turned in a right direction, lead to fortune. When he opened his mail yesterday, James A. Herne found a letter that touched him to the quick:

It was from a poor little lame boy far off in a Jersey village. The lad had saved up 95 cents, with which he came to New York to see "Shore Acres." He spoke most eloquently and pathetically of the performance, and flattered Herne in a most cordial manner. By way of postscript he told Herne of his aged and crippled mother. Oh! he would love to bring her to New York to see the play, but alas! she could not walk up to the gallery. Her son would only give him 95 cents, and his mother would need more than that.

"Wait till you see my living pictures," said Little Miss Jane Stuart, as she told the world the well-known manager blurted out: "I'm. I've received the most affecting letter—the mail ever brought me, and it's all about my dear old father. He had a silver ring in his pocket, and I sent him a pathe letter from his pocket, and spread it before Miner's astonished eyes. The two appear to be identical. Not quite so, however. The boy had a little lame boy in the far-off Jersey village had also tried Miner. Both of the gentlemen had responded generously. The latter declared that this was the first time he was ever caught—with softsofa as bait."

Mr. Chatterton, Henry E. Abbott's representative, who arrived from Europe Saturday, says that theatricals in London just now are very dull. Mr. Chatterton met living after his return to the English metropolis. "Mr. Chatterton saw 'Cinderella,' the extravaganza that is to be produced here next week. He says he has a good idea of it, and, delightedly artistic affair, and made a great success at the Lyceum in London.

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Joseph Eppig yesterday signed the annual contract with the New York Society of the Never-Nip Pants Makers' Union has ordered a strike at the shop of Davis & Childs, 35 Canal street.

Capmakers have been successful in their strikes at the shops of Schwartz Bros., Davis & Klaeser, and Kassel Cohen.

E. S. Willard goes back to England in June, and, although he has announced his intention of taking a long rest, he probably will practice in London. Barrymore, and the other comedians, the new secretary is to be appointed.

General Secretary Ernest Kurnitz, of the Journeymen Tailors' National Union, who has withdrawn from the pool in St. Louis, and that the unions in that city expect a speedy victory.

Vesta Tilley was fearfully nervous when she made her American debut yesterday night. Her nerves sat up during every song with her. The audience did not know it, but Mrs. Tilley said, and so could those who were there, that this was the way in which she was composed in case of mishap. Miss Tilley had a small part in "Fairyland," tributed she had been here a little longer she will marvel less at the enormity of this introduction. Last night was one of those who went behind the scenes to congratulate her, and he put her at her ease as gracefully and artistically as possible.

Chicago objects. Chicago often does. It's funny. This time Chicago arrowed to the face. New York managers persist in sending to it as "the road"—just as if it were Canada's or Steubenville. Chicago wants the best players, and the best managers. It is tired of second-rate stage-managers and the indifferent stage-managers of the touring companies.

A young English actor who has plenty of that "dash" which makes him attractive has little else—applied to J. T. Sheldon for a couple of tickets for "Shore Acres" at Daly's Theatre, the day after "Wives at Your Service" was asked, Mr. Waldron, "Oh" was the reply. "I haven't found a part to suit me on this side yet," he added pleasantly. "Charlie Frohman has been run-

ning after me some time." "Hold on!" cried Waldron, pointing to Detective Heideberg, who had just entered the theatre. "There's Charlie Frohman home again with a box." But the young actor-gentleman was gone. With a dash, and Detective Heideberg declared that this was the first time he had been mistaken for a metropolitan manager.

Little Miss Isabel Redick, the prima donna of the "Opera" company, has said so little about herself that many people suppose that she passed all her life in the English provinces. Not so. She studied at the Royal Academy with Landort, and with a well-known master in London. She sang in a number of concerts prior to her appearance on the stage. She is a tall, slender young woman. A strange thing is that the D'Oyley Carte sends an English girl to America to sing the part of Zara, in England he invites her to an American girl, Nancy McIntosh.

The two Uncle's are being hopelessly mixed up by the Western writers, and the two compositions will not prove distinctive. It will not please Mr. Frohman, the proprietor of the former. It is pleasing, however, the case with "Charlie's Uncle" only. It is not likely, however,

that the breezy little farce that has run the Standard for so long will be irreparably injured.

The ways of the would-be deadhead are labyrinthine, and the ingenuity displayed in the quest for free theatre seats might, turned in a right direction, lead to fortune. When he opened his mail yesterday, James A. Herne found a letter that touched him to the quick:

It was from a poor little lame boy far off in a Jersey village. The lad had saved up 95 cents, with which he came to New York to see "Shore Acres." He spoke most eloquently and pathetically of the performance, and flattered Herne in a most cordial manner. By way of postscript he told Herne of his aged and crippled mother. Oh! he would love to bring her to New York to see the play, but alas! she could not walk up to the gallery. Her son would only give him 95 cents, and his mother would need more than that.

"Wait till you see my living pictures," said Little Miss Jane Stuart, as she told the world the well-known manager blurted out: "I'm. I've received the most affecting letter—the mail ever brought me, and it's all about my dear old father. He had a silver ring in his pocket, and I sent him a pathe letter from his pocket, and spread it before Miner's astonished eyes. The two appear to be identical. Not quite so, however. The boy had a little lame boy in the far-off Jersey village had also tried Miner. Both of the gentlemen had responded generously. The latter declared that this was the first time he was ever caught—with softsofa as bait."

Mr. Chatterton, Henry E. Abbott's representative, who arrived from Europe Saturday, says that theatricals in London just now are very dull. Mr. Chatterton met living after his return to the English metropolis. "Mr. Chatterton saw 'Cinderella,' the extravaganza that is to be produced here next week. He says he has a good idea of it, and, delightedly artistic affair, and made a great success at the Lyceum in London.

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Joseph Eppig yesterday signed the annual contract with the New York Society of the Never-Nip Pants Makers' Union has ordered a strike at the shop of Davis & Childs, 35 Canal street.

Capmakers have been successful in their strikes at the shops of Schwartz Bros., Davis & Klaeser, and Kassel Cohen.

E. S. Willard goes back to England in June, and, although he has announced his intention of taking a long rest, he probably will practice in London. Barrymore, and the other comedians, the new secretary is to be appointed.

General Secretary Ernest Kurnitz, of the Journeymen Tailors' National Union, who has withdrawn from the pool in St. Louis, and that the unions in that city expect a speedy victory.

Vesta Tilley was fearfully nervous when she made her American debut yesterday night. Her nerves sat up during every song with her. The audience did not know it, but Mrs. Tilley said, and so could those who were there, that this was the way in which she was composed in case of mishap. Miss Tilley had a small part in "Fairyland," tributed she had been here a little longer she will marvel less at the enormity of this introduction. Last night was one of those who went behind the scenes to congratulate her, and he put her at her ease as gracefully and artistically as possible.

Chicago objects. Chicago often does. It's funny. This time Chicago arrowed to the face. New York managers persist in sending to it as "the road"—just as if it were Canada's or Steubenville. Chicago wants the best players, and the best managers. It is tired of second-rate stage-managers and the indifferent stage-managers of the touring companies.

A young English actor who has plenty of that "dash" which makes him attractive has little else—applied to J. T. Sheldon for a couple of tickets for "Shore Acres" at Daly's Theatre, the day after "Wives at Your Service" was asked, Mr. Waldron, "Oh" was the reply. "I haven't found a part to suit me on this side yet," he added pleasantly. "Charlie Frohman has been run-

ning after me some time." "Hold on!" cried Waldron, pointing to Detective Heideberg, who had just entered the theatre. "There's Charlie Frohman home again with a box." But the young actor-gentleman was gone. With a dash, and Detective Heideberg declared that this was the first time he had been mistaken for a metropolitan manager.

Little Miss Isabel Redick, the prima donna of the "Opera" company, has said so little about herself that many people suppose that she passed all her life in the English provinces. Not so. She studied at the Royal Academy with Landort, and with a well-known master in London. She sang in a number of concerts prior to her appearance on the stage. She is a tall, slender young woman. A strange thing is that the D'Oyley Carte sends an English girl to America to sing the part of Zara, in England he invites her to an American girl, Nancy McIntosh.

The two Uncle's are being hopelessly mixed up by the Western writers, and the two compositions will not prove distinctive. It will not please Mr. Frohman, the proprietor of the former. It is pleasing, however, the case with "Charlie's Uncle" only. It is not likely, however,

that the breezy little farce that has run the Standard for so long will be irreparably injured.

The ways of the would-be deadhead are labyrinthine, and the ingenuity displayed in the quest for free theatre seats might, turned in a right direction, lead to fortune. When he opened his mail yesterday, James A. Herne found a letter that touched him to the quick:

It was from a poor little lame boy far off in a Jersey village. The lad had saved up 95 cents, with which he came to New York to see "Shore Acres." He spoke most eloquently and pathetically of the performance, and flattered Herne in a most cordial manner. By way of postscript he told Herne of his aged and crippled mother. Oh! he would love to bring her to New York to see the play, but alas! she could not walk up to the gallery. Her son would only give him 95 cents, and his mother would need more than that.

"Wait till you see my living pictures," said Little Miss Jane Stuart, as she told the world the well-known manager blurted out: "I'm. I've received the most affecting letter—the mail ever brought me, and it's all about my dear old father. He had a silver ring in his pocket, and I sent him a pathe letter from his pocket, and spread it before Miner's astonished eyes. The two appear to be identical. Not quite so, however. The boy had a little lame boy in the far-off Jersey village had also tried Miner. Both of the gentlemen had responded generously. The latter declared that this was the first time he was ever caught—with softsofa as bait."

Mr. Chatterton, Henry E. Abbott's representative, who arrived from Europe Saturday, says that theatricals in London just now are very dull. Mr. Chatterton met living after his return to the English metropolis. "Mr. Chatterton saw 'Cinderella,' the extravaganza that is to be produced here next week. He says he has a good idea of it, and, delightedly artistic affair, and made a great success at the Lyceum in London.

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

Joseph Eppig yesterday signed the annual contract with the New York Society of the Never-Nip Pants Makers' Union has ordered a strike at the shop of Davis & Childs, 35 Canal street.

Capmakers have been successful in their strikes at the shops of Schwartz Bros., Davis & Klaeser, and Kassel Cohen.

E. S. Willard goes back to England in June, and, although he has announced his intention of taking a long rest, he probably will practice in London. Barrymore, and the other comedians, the new secretary is to be appointed.

General Secretary Ernest Kurnitz, of the Journeymen Tailors' National Union, who has withdrawn from the pool in St. Louis, and that the unions in that city expect a speedy victory.

Vesta Tilley was fearfully nervous when she made her American debut yesterday night. Her nerves sat up during every song with her. The audience did not know it, but Mrs. Tilley said, and so could those who were there, that this was the way in which she was composed in case of mishap. Miss Tilley had a small part in "Fairyland," tributed she had been here a little longer she will marvel less at the enormity of this introduction. Last night was one of those who went behind the scenes to congratulate her, and he put her at her ease as gracefully and artistically as possible.

Chicago objects. Chicago often does. It's funny. This time Chicago arrowed to the face. New York managers persist in sending to it as "the road"—just as if it were Canada's or Steubenville. Chicago wants the best players, and the best managers. It is tired of second-rate stage-managers and the indifferent stage-managers of the touring companies.

A young English actor who has plenty of that "dash" which makes him attractive has little else—applied to J. T. Sheldon for a couple of tickets for "Shore Acres" at Daly's Theatre, the day after "Wives at Your Service" was asked, Mr. Waldron, "Oh" was the reply. "I haven't found a part to suit me on this side yet," he added pleasantly. "Charlie Frohman has been run-

ning after me some time." "Hold on!" cried Waldron, pointing to Detective Heideberg, who had just entered the theatre. "There's Charlie Frohman home again with a box." But the young actor-gentleman was gone. With a dash, and Detective Heideberg declared that this was the first time he had been mistaken for a metropolitan manager.

Little Miss Isabel Redick, the prima donna of the "Opera" company, has said so little about herself that many people suppose that she passed all her life in the English provinces. Not so. She studied at the Royal Academy with Landort, and with a well-known master in London. She sang in a number of concerts prior to her appearance on the stage. She is a tall, slender young woman. A strange thing is that the D'Oyley Carte sends an English girl to America to sing the part of Zara, in England he invites her to an American girl, Nancy McIntosh.

The two Uncle's are being hopelessly mixed up by the Western writers, and the two compositions will not prove distinctive. It will not please Mr. Frohman, the proprietor of the former. It is pleasing, however, the case with "Charlie's Uncle" only. It is not likely, however,

that the breezy little farce that has run the Standard for so long will be irreparably injured.

The ways of the would-be deadhead are labyrinthine, and the ingenuity displayed in the quest for free theatre seats might, turned in a right direction, lead to fortune. When he opened his mail yesterday, James A. Herne found a letter that touched him to the quick: